

# JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND

S. R. CROCKETT, Author of *The Raiders*, etc.  
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**CHAPTER XX.—Continued.**  
"So good a fortune from so wise a soothsayer deserves this!"  
And she kissed the Chancellor frankly on the mouth.  
"I care for nothing now—I have gotten my will!" said the Princess Margaret, nodding her head to the Father as he went out.  
For the golden lamp was burning itself out, and without in the dark the Alla said "Hush!" like a mother who soothes her children to sleep.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A Perilous Honeymoon.

Never was day so largely and gloriously blue since Courtland was a city as the first morning of the married life of Maurice and Margaret von Lynar, Count and Countess von Lynar. The summer floods had subsided, and the tawny dyer had clean gone out of the Alla, which was now as clear as aquamarine, and laved rather than fretted the dark green piles of the Summer Palace.

The Princesses (so they said without) were more than ever inseparable. They were constantly talking confidentially together, for all the world like schoolgirls with a secret.

"There is something toward today," said a decent widow woman who lived in the Konigsstrasse to her neighbor. "My son, who as you know is a chorister, is gone to practice the Wedding Hymn at the cathedral. I am going thither to get a good place. I will not miss it, whatever it is. Perhaps they are going to make the Princess Joan do penance for her fault, in a white sheer with a candle in her hand a yard long! That would be rare sport. I would not miss it for so much as four farthings!"

And the chorister's mother hobbled off, telling everybody she met the same story. And so in half an hour the news had spread all over the city, and there began to be makings of quite a respectable crowd in the Dom Platz of Courtland.

It was half past eleven when the archers of the guard appeared at the entrance of the square which leads from the palace. Behind them, rank upon rank could be seen the lances of the wild Cossacks of Prince Ivan's escort who had remained behind when the Muscovite army went back to the Russian plains. Their dusky goat-hair tents, which had long covered the banks of the Alla, had now been struck and were laden upon baggage-horses and sumpter mules.

Meanwhile, in the river palar of the Summer Palace, the two Princesses were talking together even as the people had said. The Princess Margaret sat on a low stool, leaning her elbow on her companion's knee. And though she sometimes looked away, it was not for long, and Maurice, meeting her ever-recurring gaze, found that a new thing had come into her eyes.

Presently a low tapping was heard at the inner door, from which a passage communicated with the rooms of the Princess Margaret. The Sparhawk would have risen, for the moment forgetful of his disguise. But with a slight pressure of her arm upon his knee the Princess restrained him.

"Enter!" she called aloud in her clear, imperious voice.  
Thora entered hurriedly and, closing the door behind her, she stood with the latch in her hand. "My Princess," she said in a voice that was little more than a whisper, "I have heard ill news. They are making the cathedral ready for a wedding. The Cossacks have struck their tents. I think a plot is on foot to marry you this day."



"What shall we do? I had counted on this one day."

To Prince Ivan, and to carry you off with him to Moscow."

The Sparhawk sprang to his feet and laid his hand on the place where his sword-hilt should have been.

"Never," he cried; "it is impossible! The Princess is—"

He was about to add, "She is married already," but with a quick gesture of warning Margaret stopped him.

"Who told you this?" she queried, turning again to Thora of Bornholm.

"Johannes Rode of the Prince's guard told me a moment ago," she answered. "He has just returned from the Muscovite camp."

"I thank you, Thora—I shall not forget this faithfulness," said Margaret.

"Now, you have my leave to go!" The Princess spoke calmly, and to the ear even a little coldly.

The door closed upon the Swedish maiden. Margaret and Maurice turned to each other with one pregnant instinct and took hands.

"Already!" said Margaret faintly, going back into the woman; "they might have left us alone a little longer. How shall we meet this? What shall we do? I had counted on this one day."

"Margaret," answered the Sparhawk impulsively, "this shall not daunt us. We would have told your brother Louis one day. We will tell him now. Duchess Joan is safe out of his reach. Kernsberg is revictualled, the Muscovite army returned. There is no need to keep up the masquerade any longer. Whatever may come of it, let us go to your brother. That will end it swiftly, at all events." The Princess put away his restraining clasp and came closer to him.

"No—no," she cried; "you must not. You do not know my brother. He is wholly under the influence of Ivan of Muscovy. Louis would slay you for having cheated him of his bride—Ivan for having forestalled him with me."

"But you cannot marry Ivan. That were an outrage against the laws of God and Man!"

"Marry Ivan!" she cried, to the full as impulsively as her lover; "not though they set ravens to pick the live flesh off my bones! But yet the thought of torture and death for you—that I cannot abide. We must continue to elude them. Let me think!—let me think!"

Hastily she barred the door which led out upon the corridor. Then taking Maurice's hand once more she led him over to the window, from which she could see the green Alla cutting its way through the city bounds and presently escaping into the yet greener corn lands on its way to the sea.

"It is for this one day's delay that we must plan. To-night we will certainly escape. I can trust certain of those of my household. I have tried them before. . . . I have it. Maurice, you must be taken ill—lie down on this couch away from the light. There is a rumor of the Black Death in the city—we must build on that. They say an Astrakhan trader is dead of it already. For one day we may stave off with this. It is the poor best we can do. Lie down, I will call Thora. She is staunch and fully to be trusted."

The Princess Margaret went to the inner door and clapped her hands sharply.

The fair-haired Swedish maiden came running to her. She had been waiting on such a signal.

"Thora," said her mistress in a quick whisper, "we must put off this marriage. I would sooner die than marry Ivan. You have that drug you spoke of—that which gives the appearance of sickness unto death without the reality. The Lady Joan must be ill, very ill. You understand, we must deceive even the Prince's physicians."

The girl nodded with quick understanding, and, turning, she sped away up the inner stairs to her own sleeping chamber, the key of which (as was the custom in Courtland) she carried in her pocket.

"This will also keep you from being suspected—as in public places you would have been," whispered Margaret to her young husband. "What Thora thinks or knows does not matter. I can trust Thora with my life—nay, with what is far more, with yours."

A light tap and the girl re-entered, a tall phial in her hand. With a swift look at her mistress to obtain permission, she went to the couch upon which the Sparhawk had lain down. Then with deft hand she opened the bottle, and pouring a little of the colorless liquid into a cup she gave it him to drink. In a few minutes a sickly pallor overspread Maurice von Lynar's brow. His eyes appeared injected, the lips paled to a grey white, beads of perspiration stood on the forehead, and his whole countenance took on the hue and expression of mortal sickness.

"Now," said Thora, when she had finished, "will the noble lady deign to swallow one of these pellicles, and in ten minutes not a leech in the country will be able to pronounce that she is not suffering from a dangerous disease."

"You are sure, Thora," said the Princess Margaret almost fiercely, laying her hand on the tirewoman's wrist, "that there is no harm in all this? Remember, on your life be it!"

The placid, flaxen-haired woman turned with the little silver box in her hand.

"Danger there is, dear mistress," she said softly, "but not, I think, so great danger as we are already in. But I will prove my honesty—"

She took first a little of the liquid, and immediately after swallowed one of the white pellicles she had given to Maurice.

"It will be as well," she said, "when the Prince's physician comes, that they should find another sickening of the same disease."

Thora of Bornholm passed about the couch and took up a waiting-maid's station some way behind.

"All is ready," she said softly.

"We will forestall them," answered the Princess. "Thora, send and bid Prince Louis come hither quickly."

"And shall I also ask him to send hither his most skilled doctors of heal-

ing?" added the girl. "I will despatch Johannes Rode. He will go quickly and answer as I bid him with discretion and without asking questions."

And with the noiseless tread peculiar to most blonde women of large physique, Thora disappeared through the private door by which she had entered.

The Princess Margaret knelt down by the couch and looked into the face of the Sparhawk. Even she who had seen the wonder was amazed and almost frightened by the ghastly effect the drug had wrought in such short space.

"You are sure that you do not feel any ill effects—you are perfectly well?" she said, with tremulous anxiety in her voice.

The Sparhawk smiled and nodded reassuringly up at her.

"Never better," he said. "My nerves are iron, my muscles steel. I feel as if, for my Margaret's sake, I could vanquish an army single-handed!"

The Princess rose from her place and unlocked the main door.

"We will be ready for them," she said. "All must appear as though we had no motive for concealment."

And, having drawn the curtains somewhat closer, she knelt down



"You are sure, Thora," said the Princess Margaret, almost fiercely, "that there is no harm in this?"

again by the bed-head. There was no sound in the room as the youthful husband and wife thus waited their fate hand in hand, save only the soft continuous sibilance of their whispered converse, and from without the deeper note of the Alla sapping the Palace walls.

The Princesses of Courtland and Muscovy, inseparable as the Princesses, were on the pleasant, creper-shaded terrace which looks over the rose-garden of the palace of Courtland down upon the blue sea plain of the Baltic, now stretching blue black from verge to verge under the imminent sun of noon.

"You would desert me, Ivan," Prince Louis was saying, in a tone at once appealing and childishly aggressive; "you would leave me in the hour of need. You would take away from me my sister Margaret, who alone has influence with the Princess, my wife!"

"But you do not try to court the lady with any proper fervor," objected Ivan, half humoring and half irritating his companion; "you observe none of the rules. Speak her soft, praise her eyelashes—surely they are worthy of all praise; give her a pet lamb for a playmate. Feed her with conserves of honey and spice. Surely such comfits would mollify even Joan of the Sword Hand!"

"Tush!—you flout me, Ivan—even you. Everyone despises me since—since she flouted me. The woman is a tigress, I tell you. Every time she looks at me her eyes flick across me like a whip-lash!"

(To be continued.)

**Alfonso and the Anarchist.**  
Still a stream of anecdotes from Paris about King Alfonso. He is said to have a prejudice against asses, and when his automobile ran over a Spanish ass near San Sebastian the other day he compensated the owner liberally, and then remarked, "I wish there were no asses in my dominions." At San Sebastian he went into a tobacco-shop to buy cigarettes. There was another customer in the shop, who seemed anxious to escape observation. The king looked at him and thought his features familiar, then remembered a portrait of one of the Spanish anarchists arrested after the bomb explosion in Paris. "I see," said the affable monarch, with a laugh, "you are one of the anarchists arrested by mistake. You had nothing to do with the affair, of course. It was some other fellow. Well, well, the police will make their little blunders sometimes!"—London Chronicle.

**One Way He Might Find Him.**  
One of the policemen who stand on downtown corners says that a countryman approached him and said: "I'm lookin' for my cousin. Thought p'raps you cud tell me where to find him. I don't know where he lives or what he does."

"What's his name?" asked the policeman.

"Smith."

"Stand over there on the corner and holler 'Smith,'" said the officer. "Maybe he'll be in the crowd that answers."—Kansas City Times.

**Princess Peace.**  
Princess Irene, wife of Prince Henry of Prussia, was christened as "Peace" at the close of the war in 1906.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

### NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR



successful formation of the present British cabinet.

With "C.B." at its head, Mr. Bryce was made secretary for Ireland, and it is said that his hesitancy in announcing his acceptance of the most important diplomatic post in the gift of the English people was caused by his desire to have charge of an Irish home rule bill, which is to be presented by the party now in power. He has always been an Irish nationalist, a steady and consistent supporter of the demand for Irish home rule, and it is not natural that, with the party which is pledged to that policy in power, he should have cherished a desire to round out his parliamentary career in working for the passage of the measure to which he has devoted so many years.

Mr. Bryce is one of the most noted students and writers on history in the world and is highly versed in international affairs. He is best known as author of "The American Commonwealth."

He was born in Belfast on the 10th day of May, 1838, the eldest son of the late James Bryce, LL. D., of Glasgow. He attended the high school of the latter city and also its university, but was graduated from Trinity college, Oxford, after a distinguished career, in 1862.

After studying for the bar Mr. Bryce was appointed regius professor of civil law at Oxford in 1870—the date of his first visit to America—and held that office until 1893. After several unsuccessful attempts he was in 1880 elected a member of parliament, and in 1886 was appointed under secretary of state for foreign affairs. In 1892 he obtained a seat in the cabinet as chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and two years later he became president of the board of trade.

### FALL OF A POPULAR IDOL



the state, Attorney General Davidson says he found vouchers of papers made payable to Senator Bailey. They had been audited and approved by the Standard Oil company.

The feeling among the people of Texas is that Senator Bailey has not been honest with them. In his campaign for reelection he did not tell the people that he had accepted loans from the oil company. Now he says these loans were loans, and that they have been repaid. But he does not say how.

The contention of the attorney general is that the Waters-Pierce Oil company secured political aid in their fight for readmission to the state in 1900.

Attorney General Davidson is generally regarded throughout Texas as one of the state's shrewdest politicians. He affirms that he is truly pained that Bailey should have fallen, but that it was absolutely necessary for the success of his suit against the oil company that he bring in Bailey's name.

### GAVE UP HOME FOR CHURCH



Paris world's exposition, when it was proposed, on the grounds that it would lead to scandal and immorality. He has strong anti-Republican sentiments and earned the disapproval of the government by the attitude of open sympathy he assumed for the Assumptionist Fathers, whose order was dissolved for their alleged interference in politics. It is said the government on that occasion requested the Vatican to remove the prelate from his post in Paris.

In the recent difficulties the cardinal was prepared to obey the law of separation, when he was ordered by the pope to take no action. Even laymen, by his order, were to be prohibited from forming associations for applying for use of the churches.

### ROSTAND IN FAIRYLAND



brother poet or an artist friend who is requested never to mention Paris and its strenuous ways.

To escape from the continual excitement of life in Paris and the feverish search for amusement found at fashionable resorts, and also to be able to devote himself entirely to work, the creator of "Cyrano" fled eight years ago to the half-savage and wholly picturesque fastnesses of the Spanish frontier. First he rented a tiny cottage, nestled against a tiny church, but his view lacked the traditional poetry and splendor of Basque landscapes, so he built Arnaga. "It is not constructed along conventional lines of the French chateau, but, standing on a high hill surrounded by parks and terraces, it at first gives the impression of a Moorish palace."

Those who wonder secretly how Rostand's earnings as a dramatist suffice to keep up such a pretentious establishment forget that he married Rosemonde Gerard, the daughter of a Paris banker. Her millions are the magic wand which called into being this fairy castle.

Rostand is principally famous as the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which was first produced in 1897. His only other dramatic work since that time is "L'Aiglon," in which Mme. Bernhardt has been eminently successful. Rostand was born at Marseilles in 1868, and in 1902 was admitted a member of the French academy.

## MINES AND MINING

It is expected that the smelter at Ogden will be in operation in the near future.

Two new veins have just been opened in the Tallman company's Beaver county mines.

There is a report in circulation to the effect that the big fissure for which the tunnel on the McDonald Ely property, at Ely, is headed, has been reached.

During the week a total of 365,051 shares of stock, with a selling value of \$27,471.75, changed hands on the floor of the Salt Lake Mining Stock Exchange.

Three new strikes of importance were made at Vernon, Nevada, last week. In one mine assays show values of from \$745 to \$1776 in gold per ton.

The Bleak Pearl mill in Boise county, Idaho, has arranged for the installation of electric power from the Boise-Payette power plant, and is expected to be again in operation any day.

The Tunnel Oil company, of Vernal, which owns oil placer claims in Garfield county, Colo., and proposes to develop them, filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state of Utah last week.

At a meeting of the directors of the United States Smelting, Refining & Mining company, held in Boston recently, it was decided to place the common stock of the company on a 7 per cent dividend-paying basis.

"For 1906 the United States production of copper will aggregate 975,000,000 pounds, an increase of only about 4 per cent over 1905, which compares with an increase of 10 per cent in 1905 over 1904," says Daniel Guggenheim.

Senator Clark, of Montana, makes the prediction that the figures for 1906 will show an increase in copper production of probably less than 4 per cent. The average price will probably be in the neighborhood of 19 1/2 cents.

There is a disposition on the part of the Seven Devils miners, who have heretofore done all their railroad business at Council to wait for the coming of the Huntington road down the Snake river, and cut Council cold, as this road will be much nearer to them.

Lemhi county, Idaho, has suffered much through mining inexperience. There are today about 600 stamps in the county, of which only about 100 are in operation. The others have been put up on mines where the ore proved to be too base for stamp mill treatment.

Lemhi county is one of the most favored counties in Idaho, or in the whole west, in its coal deposits, it is claimed. The deposits are known to be very expensive; probably they will prove even far larger than now anticipated, when the country is properly developed.

By virtue of a compromise effected last week in Salt Lake City, between James McGregor and the directors of the Silver King Mining company, all former differences existing between these interests are buried, and a new era dawns for all Park City within the very first week of the newly born year.

Blast furnace slag is piling up in vast quantities at all of the smelting works in the western mining states. It cannot be said to have become a nuisance as yet, for the dumps cover only a very small area, and they are not the menace to agriculture and other industries that tailings piles are. Their worst feature is that they represent a by-product for which as yet no use has been found, says the Mining Reporter.

Thirteen cars loaded with Goldfield ore, valued at \$7,000,000, arrived in Vallejo Junction, Cal., on the 11th, where it will be treated in the reduction works and turned into shining bars of gold and silver. Each car contained 100,000 pounds of ore, carefully sacked.

A mine opened in an absolute wilderness that in about two years produces approximately \$2,500,000 worth of ore from less than 10 per cent of its whole area at an expenditure of only \$225,000, must merit the confidence of investors. Such a mine is the Nipissing.

The mining district surrounding the little old town of Lida, Nev., is coming to the front with rapid strides, and in spite of the former days of greatness at Lida, when the camp was one of the most active in the west, the future bids fair to hold still greater things.

Quartz shot full of free gold, rock picked samples of which would undoubtedly assay up into the thousands of dollars per ton, has been encountered in an entirely new vein on the 225-foot level of the Cedar company's mine in the North Star district, Beaver county, Utah.

A great amount of underground work is going on at the Fairview Eagle, says the Miner. Three shifts are working levels. A timbering crew has recently completed the 75-foot station, and are well along the second. In the meantime the sinking has reached a depth of 190 feet.

Will J. Dooley, a Salt Lake man who is developing a group of claims at Revella, Nev., has just received word that the men employed in sinking new shaft have encountered fine ore at a depth of sixty-five feet. The first samples went 68 ounces silver and \$2.50 per ton in gold.